0045.101

Kris Kringle

Toike Oike's

Crime Reports

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Toike,

Take a look at this criminal record. We're dealing with one sick bastard.

~~Dave Hasselhoff~~
~~Are very~~ friends
is a stupid doody-head!
- Chuck Norris

MY ROTLCOPTER GOES SOI SOI SOI

Property of

the Toike Oike

The Toike Oike

The University of Toronto's Humour Newspaper Since 1911

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SPECIAL THANKS TO

SCB (Super Chocolate Bear)
Scrubs
Christian's and Pearl's cats

COLOPHON

The Toike Oike is produced using a number of 1's and o's. They combine to create programs which the Toike Oike uses as "tools" to produce a newspaper that is both humourous and delicious. The body is set in Georgia and the paper is white.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is a covert organization committed to the proliferation of humour at the University of Toronto. It is our mandate to insist that your education is NOT about your career so much as it is about shaping your outlook on life to come. So lighten up, sit back and have an iced tea (even if it's cold outside). Our ranks are filled with zealous revolutionaries from both Engineering and Arts & Science. We meet every month following distribution. Viva la revolution!

DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra left-wing opinions expressed in this newspaper do not necessarily reflect those of the Engineering Society or the University of Toronto. In fact, they don't even necessarily reflect the opinions of the writers. If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of crackhead lawyers ready to bring tha pain. Sucka.

SKULE™

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
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EDITORIAL

People are stupid. Allow me to expand with two examples.

Example 1

Let me run a quick price by you. $4000. Ok? Do you have that price in your head? Good. Now tell me what would you be willing to buy for $4000. One semester of engineering? A used car? The best 30 seconds of your life with the world's most expensive hooker? 60 grams of cocaine? All very reasonable financial investments, in my opinion.

Now, let's look at the opposite end of the spectrum. What, in my humble opinion, is not worth $4000? A new Playstation 3 from eBay is probably the strongest contender to date. Let's review:

Retail price:	$659.00
The Idiot Special:	$4000.00+

I mean, come on. If you're already willing to pay 4 grand, why not just take $1000, in cash, to a local Best Buy the morning of a shipment and bribe someone in line? Shit. Maybe I just over think these things.

Example 2

People who listen to music on their cellphone without headphones.

Seriously, how is this impressive? Are you showing me that you are too poor to invest in something that makes your music sound better than the AM radio? These people must consciously think of how they can annoy anyone within a 10' radius. I actually prefer the sound someone's headphones from 2' away to the sound the high hats of a Jay Z track. Luckily, there is a counter to this kind of stupidity.

1. Take out your cellphone
2. Find your corniest ring tone
3. Blast that music, playa.

The trick to pulling this off is sitting really comfortably, like your music is God's gift to everyone on the bus. If you pull it off right, they'll realize how stupid they look.

These two examples prove just how pathetic most people's lives can be.

Prove me wrong U of T, prove me wrong.

- Christian Chicorli

PS:

I'm gonna be a mighty king, so enemies beware!
I've never seen a king of beasts
With quite so little hair
I'm gonna be the mane event
Like no king was before
I'm brushing up on looking down
I'm working on my roar
Thus far a rather uninspiring thing
Oh, I just can't wait to be king!
No one saying do this — Now when I said that--
No one saying be there — What I meant was--
No one saying stop that — What you don't realize--
No one saying see here — Now see here!
Free to run around all day — That's definitely out--
Free to do it all my way!
I think it's time that you and I
Arranged a heart-to-heart
Kings don't need advice
From little hornbills for a start
If this is where the monarchy is headed
Count me out
Out of service, out of Africa
I wouldn't hang about
This child is getting wildly out of wing
Oh, I just can't wait to be king!
Everybody look left
Everybody look right
Everywhere you look I'm--
Standing in the spotlight
Not yet
Let every creature go for broke and sing
Let's hear it in the herd and on the wing
It's gonna be King Simba's finest fling
Oh, I just can't wait to be king!
Oh, he just can't wait to be king!
Oh, I just can't wait...
Just can't wait
To be king!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Toike,
Can Jesus microwave a burrito so hot that even he can't eat it??

-Dominique

Dominique

Jesus transcends the need to even microwave a burrito. For him, it's just point and zap. However, if someone else were to microwave a burrito for him... yes, it could be too hot.

-Ed.

Dear Editor,

wtf.

-Daniel Snodgrass

Daniel,

That's clearly Photoshopped! Look at how weird my hand looks!

-Ed.

Dear Christian,

Did you know that Stephen Harper dropped out of U of T because of left-wing profs, and then the PC party because of left-wing MPs. Then he quit the Reform party over disgust with Manning. If Stephen Harper was an NHLer, he'd play right-wing. He'd be a Maple Leaf 'cause he's a quitter. Aerospace engineering is like liberalism, it won't get you a job.

-Mike Rennick

Mike,

That's great, Mike. Please forward your email to Mei. The president of Eng Soc would probably have more insight into this matter than me... but more importantly, I don't feel like dealing with it.

-Ed.

Dear Toike,

Fellatio.
Fun to say, fun to do?

-Anon.

Anony-mouse,

Fellatio: Fun to say, but I'm not a huge fan of "doing" it. Sure, I've thought about it, maybe even made a movie or two... but that doesn't mean it's as cool to do as it is to say.

Don't forget that.

-Ed.

THE TOIKE IS ALL HOT AND BOTHERED....

for your content!

Like what you read?
Come to the next meeting naked... or send your content in!

We need copy editors, graphics artists, writers, comic artists, a leprechaun.

Questions? Email toike@skule.ca

NEWS BRIEFS

BUSH TO SADDAM: "HANG IN THERE"

In light of his recent sentencing, George Bush wished Hussein the best of luck with the rest of his shortened life. Hussein, sentenced to death for his crimes against humanity, had little to say when questioned about the incident, but thanked Bush for inspirational speeches, missiles, and weapons of mass destruction. The choice to hang Hussein was easy, since Iraqis like to kick it old school.

Other suggested methods of execution were brought up by the Chinese who suggested working him to death in a clothing factory and the Italians who suggested the meat hook. The Jews were quick to suggest nailing him to a cross, getting the idea from a recent Mel Gibson movie.

JEWISH KING SETS PI TO THREE

Years of research and advances in accounting has proven ancient Jewish number-crunching techniques true. In, 1 Kings 7:23 in the bible it reads: "And [Solomon] made a molten sea, ten cubits from the one brim to the other: it was round all about, and his height was five cubits: and a line of thirty cubits did compass it round about." Local Jewish accountant, Yitz Shvitzberg, said this, "No one ever listens to the Jews, but we're always right."

JESUS DIVIDES BY ZERO

Astounding scientists and religious leaders alike, Jesus Christ, the messiah himself, divided by zero. Unfortunately, his proof must stand for four years without being proven wrong before it can be adopted into modern mathematics as a theorem. To this, Jesus replied, "I'm the mother fucking Messiah! Who the fuck do you think you are to tell me I'm wrong?" In related news, Jesus was later seen running away from Sweden with Alfred Nobel's wife. Onlookers report that she looked immaculate.

YANKEES PITCHER DIES IN PLANE CRASH: RED SOX TO MATCH

In recent news, a New York Yankees pitcher died after crashing his small plane into an apartment building. The plane crash, scored an E5 by baseball scorekeepers, was initially considered terrorism until no turbans were discovered nearby.
The Boston Red Sox were quick to issue their condolences, but not willing to be outdone, have publicly stated that two of their pitchers will soon crash vehicles into buildings, giving the Red Sox Nation one more thing to brag about.

SCIENTISTS PROVE SCIENTOLOGY IS ONLY TRUE RELIGION: GOD UPSET

Late last week, scientists from the University of Ottawa, Lakehead, and Conestoga College successfully collaborated to verify the existence of Scientology. In an official statement, Xenu, ruler of the galactic confederation and true founder, was pleased that three real universities support his claims. God could not be reached for comment.

A Toike Primer on Physics

As stated in a previous Toike article, every year many, many, many, MANY frosh fail out of engineering. This is partly because the supportive faculty gives, how shall we put this? NO SUPPORT. Once they have your tuition in their iron-clad safe under Simcoe Hall they wouldn't so much as piss on you if you were on fire. This failure rate is also partly because a high school education in Canada is like playing musical chairs with five people and 20 chairs. When the music stops everyone's a winner, but you're still an idiot for playing. To help frosh improve their physics skills set, the Toike Intensive Technical Services brings you this primer on physics concepts and applications.

First off, it is important to realize that every great physicist was a jerk. Once upon a time there was this dude, named Aristotle. He had a complete model for how the world worked. It was simple and it made sense. Then fifteen hundred years later some losers who failed clergy-school decided that they wanted some theories that actually corresponded to reality. That's how this whole big thing called 'experimental science' got started. I'm pretty sure these dudes did a lot of 'experimenting' in their dorm room, if you get my drift. Anyhow, all the people who new that 'the way things work' didn't have to correlate to what was actually going on in the world left physics and became advisors in the Bush administration. You know the old saying: "if you can't beat them, go into politics and preach about the evils of gay marriage."

Newton says, "Hey, ahh, F = m, eh?"

The first old dude you need to know about is Newton. He had a fondness for figs, but he didn't really like apples. Turns out that Apple didn't really like him either, because they cancelled him in '9B. Newton was a Canadian at heart, but unfortunately he worked with a bunch of stuck-up brits. He was all like "hey, ahh, F = m, eh?" and they were all like "what the deuce does F=ma mean, old chap?" Thus what Newton really meant has been lost. But you can take it from me, if your physics or dynamics prof makes a mistake on the test and puts an 'a' in there, you can just cross it out. It'll make things a lot simpler.

Another old dude was Kepler. He looked at a whole bunch of numbers, and after getting bored with that, made up Kepler's laws of planetary motion. These laws are pretty whack, like planets travelling in ellipses with foci and solid angles and what not. He was pretty 'leet though, saying things like "teh square is fish to a cube" and stuff, which is kinda deep I guess.

Finally, we have Hooke. He was a really popular guy, with lots of followers. They are known as 'Hookers'. He did lots of research with cells, ropes, and various animal parts - probably with his followers, the Hookers. Despite his popularity, Hook was very insecure. He tried to explain to his fellow scientists that "F equals negative, kay, x," but they thought he meant "F = -kx", and this continues to be a common error today. Once again, if your physics or dynamics prof makes a mistake on the test and puts a 'k' in there, you can just cross it out.

Waves are an important subject in physics. Mostly because physicists tend to be self-absorbed and absent minded, so a wave has to be big and flamboyant to get their attention. You can have plain old waves, or circular waves with the right or left hand. Of course we all

Hooke's like, "F equals negative, kay, x."

knew this anyway, but physicists like to make a big deal out of simple things. When dealing with waves the topics of sines often comes up. This is because most physicists are secretly hoping that if you are waving at them you also want their autograph. Just make sure that if you do wave at a physicist they are alone, otherwise you may get the whole crowd trying to cosine your stuff.

Some of the more recent developments in physics is the field of quantum mechanics. Neils Bohr, the inventor of boron, is one of the founders of quantum mechanics. Unsurprisingly, he is also boring. Another founder is Erwin Schrodinger. He did lots of work with the aforementioned waves. Because he was so unpopular he invented a wave equation with imaginary parts. He must have been very lonely because he only sines the imaginary waves, and was a mere cosiner for the real parts. He also didn't like cats very much. A final figure of note was Werner Heisenberg. He was really out of it and was never sure where he was or where he was going. I however AM sure where your grades are, and where they are going. That is why you need to pay attention in class.

In summary, physics is the process of knowing less and less about the universe using more and more mathematics. Remember frosh, it's not too late to switch into MIN.

-John McLeod

A Custom Robot Request

Response to My Letter from Intellicorp Regarding My Requests for a Custom Robot

Dear Mr. Peever,

I regret to inform you that we will not be able to fill your request that we received earlier this month. At this time, Intellicorp is not specializing in sale of its products to private citizens.

I am also concerned that there may be some confusion as to exactly what we do here. For your information, we make automated machinery designed for the manufacturing of small aircraft, and automobiles. It may be an oversight on my part, but no where in our catalogue does it say we make "Murder-bots" and "Sexmatrons". I apologize if there was any misinformation given to you by our company.

Also, I think this is a good opportunity to go over the ordering process with you should you choose Intellicorp in the future. We would appreciate it if you would include specific quantities of our products that you desire. This makes filling your order much easier than trying to figure out exactly what your definition of "a butt-load of robots" is.

When placing a custom order with our company, it is also preferred if you would be able to include some detailed specifications and some sketches if possible. Our design team would appreciate it if in the future you did not submit scribblings of nude women with an attached note that says "in robot-form".

You should also know that our robots are made mainly out of aircraft grade stainless steel, allowing us to guarantee our products with an industry leading ten year warranty. However, such construction likely would make any custom robot poorly suited to provide you with "wicked non-stop hummers," whatever that may entail.

Finally, while we are not able to fill your requests at this time, please rest assured knowing that our Research & Development team is working with the Marketing department in exploring ways to provide such services to the general public.

If you have any questions please feel free to contact me.

Thank you very much for choosing Intellicorp and I hope we can do business with you in the future.

Sincerely,
Arnold Hartford
Customer Relations
Intellicorp Robotics

-Aaron Peever

Kitten Snipers Biggest Threat In Iraq

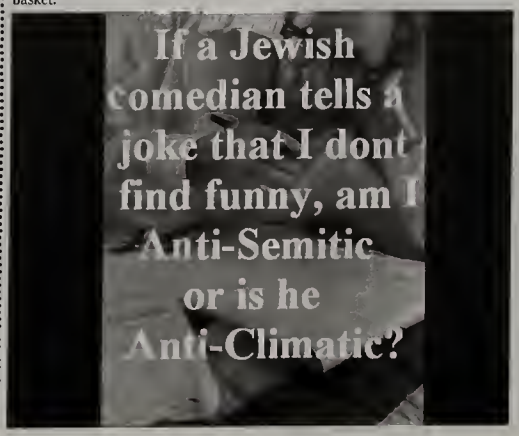
CNN (BAGHDAD). Today, another 20 marines have been lost to the number one killer in the Iraq War. No, it's not because of suicide bombers, Humvees rolling over, or marines trying to do EngSci by correspondence.

Instead, kitten snipers are the biggest threat to US troops. The kittens are described as small, furry, and able to fit, with an AK-47 in their cuddly, soft paws, into almost every conceivable nook, cranny, attic, tree, hammock, roadside shawarma stand, and picnic basket.

While their +10 lust for revenge is a remnant of Saddam's indoctrination, the +5 cuddliness is all natural. This cuddliness is key to the kittens' extremely high survival rate when captured: you wouldn't shoot a kitten, would you?

Well, neither did the 127 other marines that have been shot by kittens at close range. And if the kittens weren't so good at getting headshots, all 127 would have died with their lips still in that "aww, so cute" expression. The kittens typically use hollow-core 7.62 mm armour-piercing rounds, so adding more Kevlar to the marines' equipment carries no benefit. Instead, as primary sniper protection, all troops will soon be provided with an assortment of squeaky toys and bits of paper on a string.

-Igor Denisov



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Toike Interviews Liberal Party Leadership Hopefuls

Michael Ignatieff

Toike Inteview Technician (TIT): Good afternoon, Mr. Ignatieff, and thank you for this interview opportunity.
Michael Ignatieff, Liberal Frontman (MILF): My pleasure, Mr. Toike.

TIT: Please, call me TIT. Thats the way it will look in print, anyway. Now what sort of experience makes you suitable to be the leader of the liberal party, MILF?
MILF: I beg your pardon, what did you call me?

TIT: I'm sorry, I meant "Mr. Ignatieff". What sort of experience do you have that makes you suitable to be the Liberal leader?
MILF: Well I have been a Liberal all my life. In the 1965 election, I went door to door for Lester B. Pearson, and in 1968 I was a convention delegate for Pierre Trudeau.

TIT: Impressive. I recall that later Lester B. Pearson would win a nobel peace prize, and Pierre Trudeau liked to wear a rose on his lapel. Did you have any influence in these areas?
MILF: Uhh, no - that is, I can't say that I - I'm not sure I understand your question.

TIT: Fair enough. As I understand, you have had considerable experience as a journalist and political commentator.
MILF: Yes indeed, I've worked as a commentator, critic, and broadcaster for TVO, CBC, and the BBC.

TIT: BBC 1, BBC 2, BBC 3, BBC 4, BBC 5, BBC 6, BBC 7, BBC Heaven?
MILF: Uhh, well, I uhh, was that a question?

TIT: Probably not. Can you explain to our readers why despite this career in the media you are unable to understand confusing interview questions?
MILF: I beg your pardon?

TIT: Well if you can't think of a reason connecting yourself to Pearson's peace prize or Trudeau's rose, how can you lead this country?
MILF: I don't think your question makes sense.

TIT: Politics often doesn't make sense, but thats life. Now make with the story time MILF!
MILF: As a political commentator, I can assure you politics does make sense. Also, why do you keep calling me a MILF?

TIT: I'm not the one being interviewed here. So you feel your experience as a political commentator makes you suitable for politics in Canada?
MILF: I don't really appreciate your disrespectful attitude, Mr. Toike, but yes. I do feel that my familiarity with politics makes me suitable for the job.

TIT: But you weren't in politics, you simply commented on it. I mean, I talk about porno all the time, but that doesn't mean I get to fuck Jenna Jameson. Now do you have any direct experience in Canadian politics between 1968 and the present?
MILF: I was abroad for that period - and I don't appreciate your language, and I don't understand why you brought pornography into this discussion!

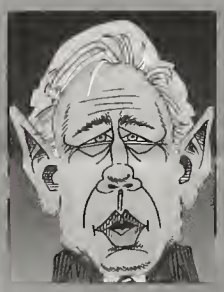
TIT: So you feel being a woman for the last 38 years made you unsuitable for politics, what prompted your change of heart this year?
MILF: I have never been a woman!

TIT: But you just said you were a woman since 1968. Why do you feel women are unfit for politics?
MILF: I said no such thing, I said I was in another country!

TIT: Ahh, I suppose other countries may not be as open minded about the political careers of transsexuals as Canada. Well, we are running out of time MILF, but just to summarize: You were against Pearson winning the Peace prize and disagreed with Trudeau's choice of wardrobe, and between 1968 and 2005 you were a woman. Further, you dislike pornography, but intend to make porno stars available to all if elected.
MILF: If that is what is "hip" with kids these days, then yes.

Other candidate interviews can be found scattered randomly through this issue.

Bob Rae



Toike Interview Technician (TIT): Good afternoon, Mr. Rae, thank you for consenting to this interview. Let me warn you that I may distort the facts in the interests of telling a good story.
Bob Rae: Almost There (BRAT): My pleasure, Mr. Toike. Don't worry about the facts, as a former member of the NDP I am used to ignoring them myself.

TIT: What sort of experience do you have that would make you suitable for leadership of the Liberal party?
BRAT: Well, I was the 21st Premier of Ontario, and have been elected eight times to federal and provincial parliaments until 1996.

TIT: All for parties other then the Liberal party.
BRAT: Yes.

TIT: And you view this as beneficial to your candidacy?
BRAT: Ordinarily no, but when your major competition is a stuck-up brit, an idealistic boy from the prairies, a big-city John Kerry-lookalike, and a so-called patriotic Quebecker, I am hardly the odd-man out.

TIT: How do you see your Premiership of Ontario as assisting a potential future Prime Minister-ship of Canada?
BRAT: Well Canada is basically Ontario, Vancouver, a French accent and some tar sands, so it's basically the same job, just with bigger perks and a nicer house.

TIT: True that.

Girl trouble

I am here to dispute the claims that I am insensitive. Sure, there is some truth to this. For example, once with my ex-girlfriend, in celebration of our 3rd year anniversary, we took a trip to one of these really poor Caribbean countries; you know the one with all beaches and Mexican people. We had a beautiful dinner in front of the beach, the sun setting, the air turbulent yet calm. She took my hand and we started walking down the shore as the tide was slowly coming in. Being young and wild, we decided to walk toward the sea. She uttered something like "This is the most beautiful day of my life. I love you. I love you soo much". And I said something like "OOhhh...the cold water feels weird against my balls." After an awkward silence - more awkward than the time I had phone sex with a deaf chick - she parted her hand from mine. It was the last I saw of her. All in all it was a good thing as she did give me herpes.

It was at that point that I knew I would never understand women. As a typical 22 year old white male, 5'11 75kg 7 1/2 inches, with brown hair and extremely good looks, I knew I would never solve the enigma that is womanhood. There were times when I tried to be more feminine - like the time I watched Russell Crowe's Cinderella Man - but I didn't feel any different. It's not that I'm insensitive; it's just that I don't care. Yes, I watch girl's tennis not because they're good but because I can pleasure myself without spending money on porn. I'm sensitive enough to pick the fat strippers that no one cares about at all the clubs. Yes, she isn't as athletic or creative or flexible as the others and none of the other strippers have that gas problem, but I don't complain. I sit there and I enjoy it. That's how sensitive I am.

- Sevan Evren

William "Bill" Shatner Speaks at Technology Conference

TORONTO (AP) – The New Era Research Development Show (NERDS) held its annual conference last Monday at the Convention Centre, showcasing some of the latest trends in technology and innovations in science fiction. Among the keynote speakers was actor William Shatner, who starred in the television series Star Trek, a historic science fiction show about a man traveling across space in a recliner and watching the first big-screen TV ever produced.

As he was the actor who symbolized the link between screenwriting and TV-watching, some would credit Shatner with the invention of many devices, such as reclining chairs, girdles for men, transgender operations, disco laser light shows with fog and the cell phone. After all, he was the first one to crash a space ship into a dock while talking on a cell phone.

Indeed, Shatner is a brilliant inventor, holding a high school diploma from JFK High in Brooklyn, NY, with many years of living to his credit. In grade three, his science project was entitled "How electricity works," which studied the effects of putting one's finger in an electrical socket. Shatner also discovered that eating lead-based paint chips causes a permanent speech impediment.

Shatner started off his address to the 300-strong NERDS crowd on a comedic note, "What's the. Deal with iPods? I mean, who are these people?" Then, Shatner talked about the difficulties he faced when technology was more primitive, "Back in my day, we would make our. Own music, with our own bare. Hands and scraps of wood we found lying around the housing compound where I lived." He ended his speech with a thought to the future, "So, how about that girl from Star Trek Voyager? ...the one with. The metal over her eye... I'd plow that till Thanksgiving." After his three-part speech, Shatner looked about himself and headed to the beverage table with an air of accomplishment.

Overall, aside from Shatner taking off his pants and running around slapping people on the ass, the NERDS' organizer, "Q-Borg_1989," says he was very pleased with the event.

- Igor Denisov

The Toike Oike

Tries it Ryerson Engineering Style

guys what goes here??

My name is Justin. I looooooove fire trucks! There are red ones and yellow ones and big ones and little ones. So many fire trucks!

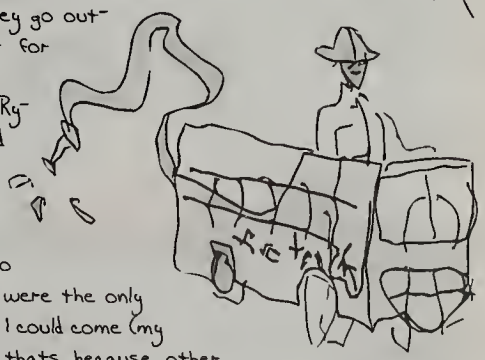
One time I put my kitty in a tree, and then my mommy called the fire fighters, and then a fire truck came.

It has lots of shinee handles, but my mommy says that you shouldnt touch them if youre not a fire fighter. Their lights are bright and they flash back and forth. Fire trucks go wooooooooo wooooooo wooooooooo wehhhh wehhhh! Sometimes they also go woowoowoowoowooobeeeep! They go really fast down the street, and everyone moves out of the way, because its a fire truck, and everyone wants to stop and look at the fire truck, and say hey look, its a fire truck!

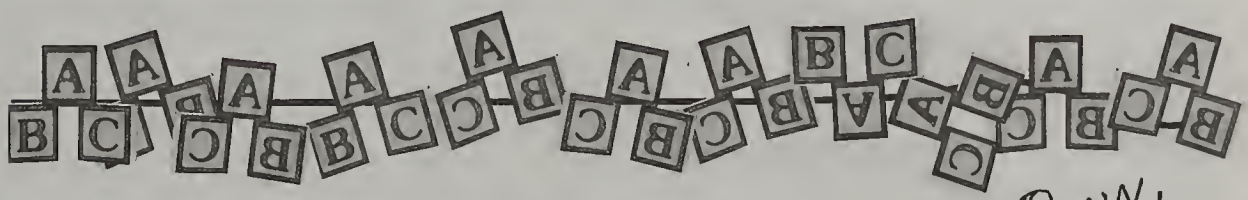
Sometimes at skool, when Mr. Cunningham is telling us about things that dont exist and imaginations, I start thinking about fire trucks. Vrooom, vroom! I get up and go to the red switches, and then I use it to call the fire trucks. We hear rinnng rinnnggg, and everyone knows that means the fire trucks are coming, so they go outside to wait for them!

I came to Ryerson to find out what I want to be when I grow up, and also because they were the only ones who said I could come (my mommy says thats because other skools arent good enough to see how smart I am), and now I guess I am done, because I know I want to be a fire truck!

Fire Truck



by Justin



BUNNIES!!!!!!

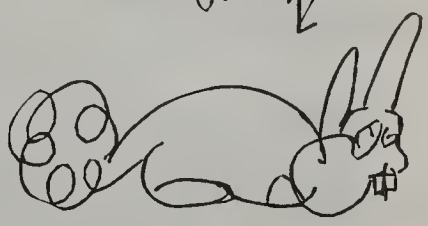
I got a bunny for my birthday this year, and I love it more than anything in the whole wide world! I named it Bunny, because it's a bunny! she is soft with a big fluffy tail. I made a drawing of Bunny so you can see her, too.

Bunny is really pretty and soft, but you can't squeeze Bunny too much, because she could get hurt. You have to be careful not to hurt Bunny. Bunny needs to eat food from her food bole, that you have to fill up every day. She also needs water from her water bole!

Bunny has a wet nose, and a little wisckers that tickle you. She also has big ears, so don't be loud! Bunny could get a headache.

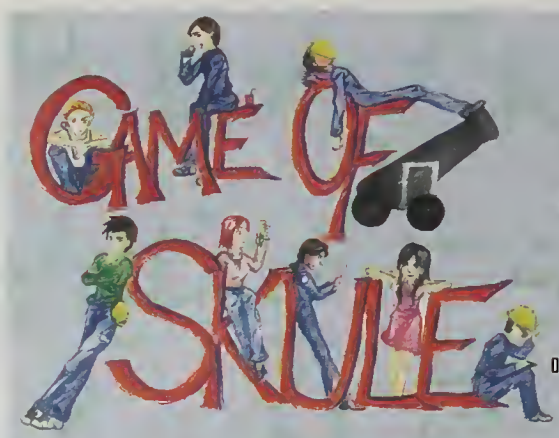
When Bunny starts to smell stinky, you have to take Bunny out of her cage and then take out all the paper from the bottom, and put it in the garbage.

Bunny



Be careful, because you know what the paper has in it? The paper has lots of Bunny poop! You don't want to touch bunny poop, thats icky.

by ADRIANE age 19



This is the Game of Skule Roleplaying Game, the game that defines the genre and has set the standard for reality roleplaying for more than 95 years!

Skule is an imaginative, social experience that engages players in a rich reality world filled with larger-than-life heroes, deadly monsters, and mundane settings. As a life sucking game, Skule is an ongoing activity to which players have to devote hours of their time—much like jail—getting together with friends on a regular basis for weeks, months, or even four years (+PEY).

Gullible citizens create noobie engineers – thuggish Civs, keener Eng Scis, or pathetic artsies -- which they guide through a never ending series of lectures and tests, working together to defeat professors and other challenges and gaining nothing from it other than the satisfaction of having tendonitis. The game offers endless possibilities and a multitude of choices . . . more choices than even the most sophisticated computer game, because you can do whatever you can imagine!

Step 1: Choose your gender!

Male

Description:
Males are the most common gender that you will see dragging their feet throughout Skule, next to the generic notsure. Raised from youth to be able to tell the difference between a wrong answer and the right one at the tip of their father's belt, they believe it is their responsibility to lead the world, and they are right.

Modifiers: +1 Common Sense, +1 Math

Female

Description:
While it is commonly believed that females and males are equally likely to succeed at whatever class they choose, the truth is that males and females are not the same and as soon as the difference is realized, each can excel, because everyone should do what they are good at.

Modifiers: +1 Hygiene, +1 Kama Sutra, +1 Boobs

Notsure

Description:
To avoid being judged by their peers by appearances, some young number crunchers have chosen to withdraw from society under a veil of ambiguity.

Modifiers: No bonuses or penalties
Bonus: Immunity to intrapersonal checks

Step 2: Choose your race!

Caucasian

Description:
Caucasians are Asians with cock. While once the only race to venture into the land of Skule, whities of Skule are now small in number. Hailing from the great suburbs of Toronto, they have grown up only facing the truth that is their extinction. At the same time, their parents who still hold rule over the land have taught them that they get the same thing no matter how much work they do.

Modifiers: -2 Work ethic, +1 Bullshit

Asian

Description:
The fastest growing section of the Skule demographic, Asians have gotten to Skule on the hard work, determination and forced labour of their parents. Seeking to dominate Skule, they have spent endless hours indoors going over invasion plans, memorizing coast guard routes, completing massive integrals and differential equations. However they have gained little knowledge of the real world and are susceptible to confusion.

Modifiers: +4 Math, -6 Common Sense, +1 Work Ethic, -2 Facial Hair

South Asian

Description:
With slightly lower immigration rates as their northern relatives, the south Asians are still a rapidly growing part of Skule life. With incredible work ethic and math skills they have the ability to keep their opponents at an arms length.... although that might not be the only reason.

Modifiers: +3 Work Ethic, -4 Hygiene, +1 Math, +2 Hair

Mythicus A

Description:
Who and what the M are is presently unk has any information email to toike@skule.

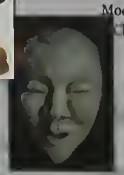
Modifiers: +2 jump??

Step 3: Choose your class!

Mechanical Engineer

Description:
The Mechanical Engineer is a master of creating images in their head and then writing it down on paper. Many people incorrectly call this drug induced hallucinations, but they are also in Mechanical Engineering and probably on drugs.

Preferred Alignment: Thug
Modifiers: +1 Common Sense, +1 Hygiene, -2 Math
Class Skill: ra hin



Electrical Engineer

Description:
One word. Red Bull.
Electrical Engineers are masters of stench. Stench and calculus. They are the only division that can achieve the highest levels of solidarity, or as the electrical engineers call it... well actually no one knows for sure what they call it, they are too busy either playing Starcraft or solving integrals...in Starcraft. The prime requisite for electrical engineers is math skill. If you wish to make an Electrical Engineer character make sure to put a lot of your attribute points in math. Forget about hygiene, she doesn't like you anyways.

Preferred Alignment: Keener
Modifiers: +2 Math, -5 Hygiene
Class Skill: calculus

Engineering Science

Description:
Engineering Science Engineers use magic which requires them to sacrifice a lot of their own health to channel their spells. Their ultimate spell, called The Bell Curve of Life allows them to work with their professors' pity in order that they may survive an attack. This class is one that is designed to be used by more advanced players, but also players that are gullible enough to willing use a class that is not really better than any other and is just harder to play.

Preferred Alignment: Keener
Modifiers: +6 Enthusiasm, +1 Math, -2 Common Sense
Class Skill: Answering Questions

Artsie

Description:
The Artsie is a class much like the mercenary in non-reality games who hire themselves out to the other classes at some point or another. The Artsie is a class that is often associated with confused people wandering the halls of Galbraith in search of their exam room, the Artsie is an easy class to play, and is perfect for anyone that doesn't want to think. However this class is not for the hardcore roleplayers; although their options seem unlimited, it really is a dead end class with nowhere to go but the welfare line.

Preferred Alignment: any
Modifiers: +5 Hygiene, +5 Bullshit, -20 Math

Civil Engineers

Description:
Civil Engineers are stalwart defenders of the slide rule, and bed fellows of one Robert Hooke. One of the only classes who learn immediately applicable theories and laws, they are often looked down upon by other classes, but do not let this classes low academic requirements and free time deter you. For if you choose to be a Civil Engineer many long hours of BEvERage consumption and concrete mixing await you.

Preferred Alignment: Normal
Modifiers: +1 Hygiene, -1 Common sense
Class skill: Drinking

Industrial Engineers

Description:
Industrial Engineers are engineers that lost their way and ended up in school. They live with the delusion that they will be getting the highest paying jobs if they survive Skule. Although this may be true, it does not change that they conned their way into being an accredited engineering class who will get a P.Eng. after graduation despite being as close to a real engineer as the copy editor is to getting with the editors girlfriend.

Preferred Alignment: none
Modifiers: -1 all abilities
Class Skill: Fast food

Materials and Mineral Engineers

Description:
Materials and Mineral Engineers are grouped together in this addition of the game because who really knows what they do. They certainly do not. If you choose this class, you will most likely spend the game not knowing what you are supposed to be doing either, so it is important to put points into plagiarism related skills. If you choose this class you will be condemned to an eternity of ambiguity and confusion.

Preferred Alignment: Slacker
Modifiers: +1 Hygiene, -2 Enthusiasm
Class Skill: Plagiarism

Chemical Engineers

Description:
Chemical Engineers are the ultimate combination between artsies and a real engineering class. Despite their abilities to maintain the appearance of being a normal person while still being an Engineer, because they put so much energy into maintaining this front, they are unable to bullshit other aspects of life such as problem sets and calculus. Female Chems are typically rather stuck up due to their unique presence in Skule while males typically are just along for the ride. And what a ride, with 60% female classes they develop some skills that others never will.

Preferred Alignment: Preppy
Modifiers: +3 Hygiene, -1 Math, -1 Bullshit
Class Skill: Kama Sutra

CHARACTER SHEET

SUITABLE FOR CHARACTERS OF ANY RACE OR CLASS (INCLUDING MULTICLASS CHARACTERS)

GAME OF SKULE

CHARACTER NAME _____ PLAYER NAME _____

CLASS AND LEVEL _____ ECL _____ RACE/TEMPLATE _____ SIZE _____ GENDER _____

ALIGNMENT _____ RELIGION/PATRON DEITY _____ HEIGHT _____ WEIGHT _____ LOOKS _____

ABILITY SCORES

You have 84 points to distribute to the following core statistics. Warning, if you have below 10 in a statistic, you will be unable to perform associated skills.

Math _____ TOTAL

Bullshit _____ TOTAL

Work Ethic _____ TOTAL

Common Sense _____ TOTAL

Hygiene _____ TOTAL

Enthusiasm _____ TOTAL

INITIATIVE MODIFIER _____

This is proportional to enthusiasm. For example a high enthusiasm means you are more likely to sit at the front of class and sucks.

SKILLS

You have 30 points which you may distribute anyway you wish.

Plagiarism _____ TOTAL
Skill improved by Bullshit score. Good for all of Skule's adventures.

Research _____ TOTAL
Skill improved by Work Ethic score. A skill often made obsolete by wikipedia, it is none the less useful.

Calculus _____ TOTAL
Skill improved by Math score. If anyone can explain this skill to me, the help would be appreciated

Graphing _____ TOTAL
Skill improved by Common Sense score. Useful for everything from doodling to doodling you hand in.

Kama Sutra _____ TOTAL
Skill improved by Hygiene score. This confers great stamina and skill when doing the dirty.

Answering Questions _____ TOTAL
Skill improved by Enthusiasm score. Take this skill if you wish to receive the scorn of all of your classmates.

Drinking _____ TOTAL
Skill improved by the inverse of your Common Sense score. All the time is party time!

SAVING THROWS

To make a save, you have to make a difficulty check against the given value (see Enemies section) TOTAL

Fortitude Save
Proportional to Math score. For example, one might have to take a fortitude save versus calculus.

Interpersonal Save
Proportional to Hygiene score. One might have to make this save versus the opposite sex.

Will Save
Proportional to Work Ethic score. One might have to make this save versus programming, labs and lectures.

Character Sketch:
Draw your character!

GEAR

Everyone that plays Skule starts off with one of each of the following items:

Set square
(+2 graphing)
So I didn't have a knife to do the circumcision..

Beer
(+1 to all saves)
You're not my wife!

Slide rule
(+2 math, + 1 common sense, +1 Kama sutra)
*Do you know where this slide rule has

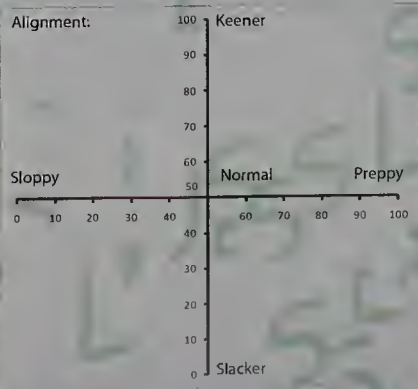
Eraser
(+1 bullshit, +1 plagiarism)
Is that what a rubber is for?

Mechanical Pencil
(+1 to all stats)
Better than a wondy, it even comes with a rubber!

US AFRICANUS

the Mythical Africans
y unknown. If anyone
nation please send an
skule.ca.

mp??



STEP 4: NOW THAT YOU'VE CHOSEN YOUR CHARACTER, BATTLE THE ENEMY!

A brief explanation for artsies who wish to pretend to play Skule, a DC is a difficulty check against a 20 sided dice added to the associated check. For example a DC of 60 is basically un-winnable. xdy means x dice each with y side(s).

TA

Base attack:
enthusiasm drain,
-1 enthusiasm per round

Spells:
Lab report:
Successful save based on research and graphing skills
-failure to save causes -1 work ethic and hygiene, hut +5 to drinking skill
Problem Set:
Successful save based on plagiarism skill
-failure to save cases apathy for 4 rounds.

OPPOSITE SEX

Base Attack:
Conversation – 1 damage. Failure to make an interpersonal save, DC = 10, causes -1 hygiene and +1 work ethic.

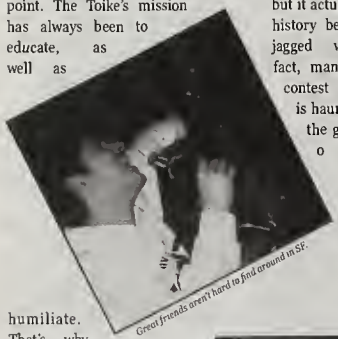
PROF

Base attack:
Lecture, 1d4 damage, can be saved by will save vs. lecture at DC = 10

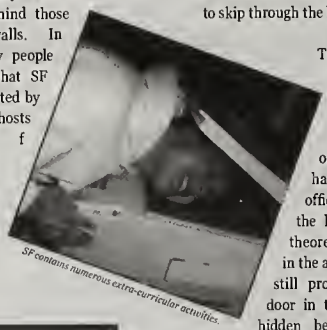
Spells:
Midterm: 6d6 damage, can be reduced to 3d6+1 by a successful fortitude save.
Exam: Fortitude save vs. instant death. DC = 60 (as in percent)

Getting to Know Your Skule: Sanford Fleming

If you're like me, you like touching yourself at night to the sound of your own sobbing. But that's beside the point. The Toike's mission has always been to educate, as well as humiliate. That's why, under strict court order, the Toike is proud to help you learn more about the buildings that you'll be seeing for the next, and let's face it, last years of your life.



Great friends aren't hard to find around in SF.



SF contains numerous extra-curricular activities.

You can always find a quiet place to study in SF

Let's begin at the center of it all. Sometimes referred to as nerd central, the geek core, and my favourite, the engineering slut hut (it's a name in progress). The Sandford Fleming building statistically has the highest ratio of engineers to engineers not getting laid within a specific area. But who was Sir Sandford Fleming and why should you give a damn? Well frankly I don't have a good answer for you right now. But I can help you discover aspects of the building that you might never have known existed, and maybe even give you a reason not to burn it down...again.

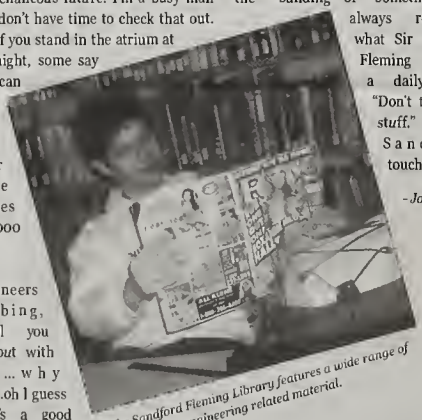
Of course we all know that Sandford Fleming was a Canadian engineer that introduced time zones in the hopes of getting early lottery numbers. The idea didn't really pan out but the time zones weren't such a bad idea. Respect. What many people don't know, however, is he also invented self-shame and coined the phrase "If this van's-a-rockin' Sandford Fleming is in it getting laid, bitch." The phrase was then later changed due to historical inaccuracies.

Nevertheless, SF isn't just a building that I pick my nose and wipe it on the wall (because I do that in every building), but it actually has a lot of history behind those jagged walls. In fact, many people contest that SF is haunted by the ghosts of Chanukah past, Christmas present, and miscellaneous future. I'm a busy man so I don't have time to check that out. But if you stand in the atrium at midnight, some say you can hear the voices of 1000 engineers sobbing, "Will you go out with me ... why not...oh I guess that's a good reason, thank you for your time." Others say it's just the stoned janitor coming off a serious acid trip. We may never know, but one thing is true: homosexuals no longer are forced to skip through the hallways.

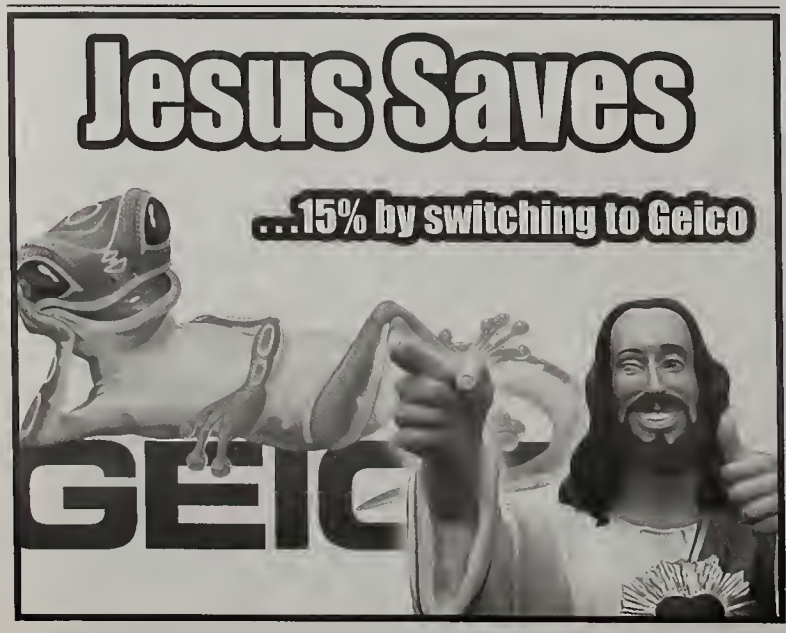
Times are changing, but what hasn't changed is the commitment of a little newspaper organization that has its unofficial office located in the heart of SF. Well theoretically, it would be in the ass of SF, but we're still proud. Behind that door in the SF basement, hidden behind the candy machine and stacks of used porn sit the minds that bring you the Toike Oike every month (It's actually just a chicken poking at a keyboard, and periodically dialing 1-900 numbers).

Yes, there are a lot of great aspects of SF. Whether you're sitting in Suds contemplating what that itching feeling is or sitting in the Blue Room imagining you're in a whales vagina, SF sure is an exciting building to try and get laid in. To discover other fun aspects of SF...I don't know...take a walk around the building or something...Just always remember what Sir Sandford Fleming said on a daily basis: "Don't touch my stuff." Touché Sandford, touché.

-Jon Zegman



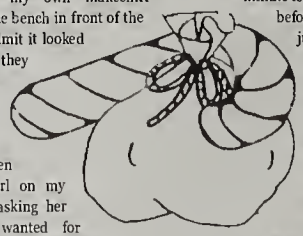
The Sandford Fleming Library features a wide range of engineering related material.



"Juicy Canes" for Grabs

It really wasn't my fault, when you think about it. I'm just a victim of circumstance. I mean, when you think about it, it could have happened to anyone. It's Christmas season, right? I was only trying to spread a little Christmas cheer. How was I supposed to know the mall already had a Santa? And how was I supposed to know there was a special little 'Santa's Village' for him to sit and talk to the children?

So you can imagine my surprise when the police, security guards, and a posse of angry purse-wielding mothers surrounded my own makeshift village on the bench in front of the HMV. I'll admit it looked bad. When they all made their move at me I had a cute little sixteen year old girl on my lap. I was asking her what she wanted for Christmas, and wouldn't you believe it, she was still scared of old Saint Nick. She really looked like she wanted to get off, and hey, so did I. I was really just trying to get everyone into the Christmas spirit when the group of concerned citizens encroached on my village and shouted hateful, misunderstood things at me.



What kind of world is this when people publicly scorn someone trying to spread the true meaning of Christmas to children of all ages?

What made things worse is that this year I opted for a non-traditional Santa costume. A real artsy kind of thing; ass-less red leather chaps, a fishnet tank top, and a sassy red beret topped off with a white goatee. But the heating in the mall really made such an outfit necessary. It's like a sauna in there some days.

Now maybe I was a little out of line when I told her to "reach into Santa's sack and grab a candy cane," but it was an innocent double entendre. If that angry mob would have just taken one minute to think things through before becoming judge, jury, and executioner on me, they would have realized that there in fact was a sack with a "big juicy candy cane" in it. It was just a misunderstanding.

There was certainly no need for the savage purse beating I took when the girl yelled for help. I mean it was totally her choice to come and sit on my lap and tell me what she wanted for Christmas. By the way, does anyone know what a "let go of me you creep" is, or where I could find one?

Anyways, I won't be home for Christmas this year, but on good behaviour I will be home for the next one.

-Aaron Peever

Candidate Interview

GERARD KENNEDY

Toike Interview Technician (TIT): Yo, Gerard, lay it on me.
Gerard "Unleashed and Notorious" Kennedy (GUNK): Uhh, hi.

TIT: So what makes you qualified to be the big dog?
GUNK: Is this some sort of hip-hop, or "street" magazine?

TIT: No, but this magazine is frequently jammed into doors to keep them open, or rubbed vigorously on people's faces - would you like a demonstration?
GUNK: Uhh, no thank you. How did you get past my secretary?

TIT: $20, and 30 oz. of Jack. Back to the interview, what makes you qualified to lead the Liberal party?
GUNK: Well I have served 3 terms as a member of provincial parliament for the Liberals. I was Minister of Education, and a member of the Planning and Priorities Board of Cabinet. I also established Toronto's Daily Bread food bank, and helped develop food banks in Quebec, Nova Scotia, Ireland, France, Poland, Israel and the Ukraine.

TIT: I thought the Ukraine already was established as the daily food bank for the USSR.
GUNK: Uhh, that's not a very politically correct thing to say.

TIT: Well it's not very politically correct to say your cousin, Ted Kennedy drowned a hooker but that doesn't mean its not true.
GUNK: Uhh, well to start with, I am not related to Ted Kennedy.

TIT: Ahh, a bastard child then?
GUNK: Good god, man, do you hear the words coming out of your own mouth?

TIT: Not really, I'm still pretty buzzed from the blow I was doing with your secretary. Based on your record with the food banks, can we assume if elected, the Liberal platform in the next federal election will be "free lunch for all?"
GUNK: I really don't have an answer to that - and I don't really feel like continuing this interview.

TIT: Man up, pretty boy. Given your work with the board of Education, is it fair to say the recent tuition fee hikes are your fault, and you squandered the money on giving free bread to lazy Irish, French, Poles, Israelis and Ukrainians?
GUNK: Uhh, I was with the Ontario Board of Education, I worked to help public schools. And no, I did not spend the board's money on providing food to anybody in foreign countries.

TIT: Ahh, so you say "fuck them foreigners, let them all starve" - a controversial, but bold statement to be sure. So I assume it is your fault that all the Frosh are stupid.
GUNK: I say no such thing, and am not responsible for that either!

TIT: Well there you have it readers; in his own words, "Gerard Kennedy: Not responsible!"

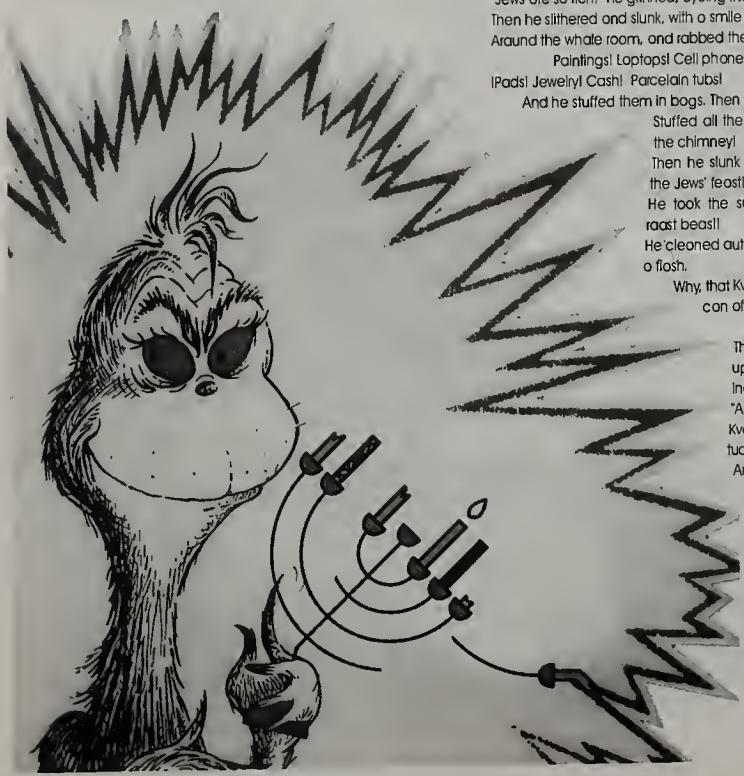
How the Kvetch Stole Hanukkah

Dr. Toike

Every Jew
Down in Jew-ville
Liked Hanukkah a lot...
But the Kvetch,
Who lived just North of Jew-ville,
Did NOT!
The Kvetch hated Hanukkah!
All its days, one through eight!
Why? No one knows. To the Kvetch, no one could relate.
It could be that his head wasn't screwed on quite right.
It could be, perhaps, that his shoes were too tight.
But I think that the most likely reason of all
May have been that his nose was two sizes too small.

But,
Whatever the reason,
His nose or his shoes,
He stood there like Mel Gibson, hating the Jews,
Staring down from his cave with a sour, Kvetchy frown
At the warm lighted windows below in their town.
For he knew, sure as God had destroyed Gomorrah
Beneath, Jews were readying a Hanukkah menorah.
"Holy fucking crap!" he snarled with a sneer.
"Tomorrow it starts! It's practically here!"
Then he growled, with his Kvetch fingers nervously drumming.
"I MUST find a way to keep Hanukkah from coming!"
For, tomorrow, he knew...
...All the Jew girls and boys
Would eagerly wait until night. Then they'd rush for their light!
And then! Oh, how bright! In windows so bright! Bright! Bright!
Bright!
That's one thing he hated! The LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!
Then the Jews, young and old, would sit down to a feast.
And they'd feast! And they'd feast!
And they'd FEAST! FEAST! FEAST! FEAST!
They would start an Jew-latkes, and rare Jew-roast-beast
Which was something the Kvetch couldn't stand in the least!

And THEN
They'd do something he liked least of all!
Every Jew down in Jew-ville, the tall and the small,
Would stand close together, with dreidels still spinning.
They'd stand hand-in-hand. And the Jews would start singing!
They'd sing! And they'd sing!



AND they'd SING! SING! SING! SING!
And the more the Kvetch thought of the Jew-Maoz Tzur-Sing
The more the Kvetch thought, "I must stop this whole thing!
"Why for fifty-three years I've put up with it now!
I MUST stop Hanukkah from coming!
...But HOW?"

Then he got an idea!
An awful idea!
THE KVETCH
GOT A WONDERFUL, AWFUL IDEA!
"I know just what to do!" Now do you have to ask?
The Kvetch took from his closet a black tracksuit and ski mask.
And he chuckled, and clucked. "What a great Kvetchy disguise!
"With my green ass covered up, all they'll see is my eyes"
"All I need is a big truck..."
The Kvetch looked around.
But since rental shops were closed, he shouted "Aww, fuck!"
Did that stop the old Kvetch...?
Not The Kvetch simply said,
"If I can't find a truck, I'll steal one Instead!"
So he called his friend Carl, who was asleep in his bed
And they hotwired a Ford, connecting green to red.

THEN
He loaded some bags
And some sacks, with a snarl
In the back of the truck
Along with old Carl.
Then the Kvetch hit the gas
And the truck started down
Toward the homes where the Jews
Lay a-snooze in their town.
All their windows were dark. Quiet snow filled the air.
All the Jews were all dreaming sweet dreams without care
When he came to the first house in the square.
"This is stop number one," The masked Kvetch hissed
And he climbed to the roof, empty bags in his fist.

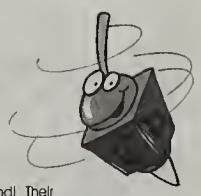
Then he slid down the chimney. A bit of a stretch.
But if Santa could do it, then so could the Kvetch.
He got stuck only once, for a moment or two.
Then he stuck his head out of the fireplace flue
And saw an HDTV, a home theatre, and more.
"Jews are so rich!" he grinned, eyeing the bear rug on the floor
Then he slithered and slunk, with a smile most unkind,
Around the whole room, and robbed the Jews blind!
Paintings! Laptops! Cell phones! Golf clubs!
IPads! Jewelry! Cash! Porcelain tubs!
And he stuffed them in bags. Then the Kvetch, very nimbly,
Stuffed all the bags, one by one, up the chimney!
Then he slunk to the icebox. He took the Jews' feast!
He took the sufganiyot! He took the roast beast!
He cleaned out that icebox as quick as a flash.
Why, that Kvetch even took their last can of Jew-hash!

Then he stuffed the food up the chimney, including Jew-suckers.
"And NOW!" grinned the Kvetch, "I'll stick it to these tuckers!"
And the Kvetch dropped his pants and squatted above the floor
When he heard a small sound behind a rear bedroom door.
He turned around fast, and he saw a small Jew!
Little Cindy-Lou Jew, who was not more than two.

The Kvetch had been caught by this little Jew daughter
Who'd got out of bed for a cup of cold water.
She stared at the Kvetch and said, "Man in black, why?
"Why are you taking a dump on our floor? WHY?"

The Kvetch approached the child, and he patted her head
Then he got her a drink and he sent her to bed.
And when Cindy-Lou Jew finally split,
HE squatted again and dropped a huge of shit!
Then the last thing he took
Was the log for their fire.
Then he went up the chimney himself, the old liar.
On their walls he left nothing but hooks, and some wire.
And the one speck of food
That he left in the house
Was a crumb that was even too small for a mouse.

Then
He did the same thing
To the other Jews' houses
Leaving crumbs
Much too small
For the other Jews' mouses!
It was quarter past dawn...
All the Jews, not yet up
All the Jews, still a-snooze
When he packed his pick-up,
Packed it up with their food! Their
ducks and their cookies!
Their electronics! Their jewelry! Their earnings as bookies!
Three thousand feet up! Up the side of Mount Crumpit,
He rode to the tiptop to dump it!



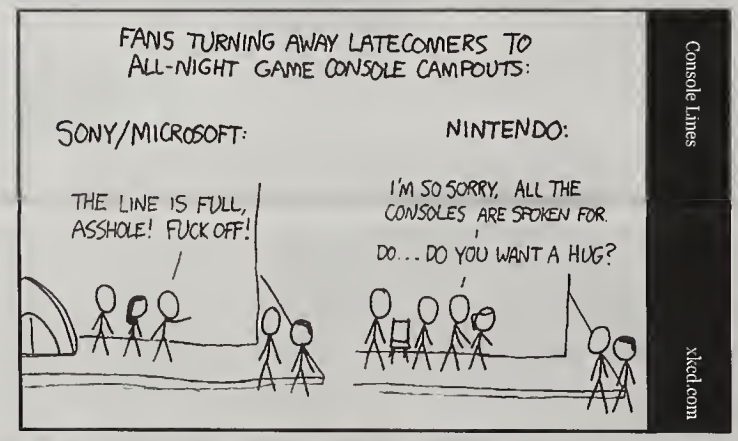
"Pooh-pooh to the Jews!" he was Kvetch-ish-ly humming.
"They're finding out now that no Hanukkah is coming!
"They're just waking up! I know just what they'll do!
"Their mouths will hang open a minute or two
"The all the Jews down in Jew-ville will all cry BOO-HOO!"
"That's a sight," grinned the Kvetch.
"That is quite far from bright!"

He looked down at them, and they appeared merry!
It couldn't be so!
But they WERE merry! VERY!
He stared down at Jew-ville!
The Kvetch popped his eyes!
Then he shook!
What he saw was a shocking surprise!
Every Jew down in Jew-ville, the tall and the small,
Was singing! Without any money at all!
He HADN'T stopped Hanukkah from coming!
IT CAME!

Somehow or other, it came just the same!
And the Kvetch, with his Kvetch-feet ice-cold in the snow,
Stood puzzling and puzzling: "How could it be so?
"It came without dreidels! It came without food!"
"How are all of these Jews in such a good mood?"
So he puzzled three hours, 'till he felt like a schmuck.
And when he looked up, Carl had made off with the truck!
At that exact moment, his anger began to soar
But then the Kvetch thought of something he hadn't before.
"The Good Lord giveth, and He taketh away,
As an accountant, wealthier I might stay."
And what happened then...?
Well...in Jew-ville they say
That the Kvetch's small nose
Grew three sizes that day!

- Luke Helt

COMICS



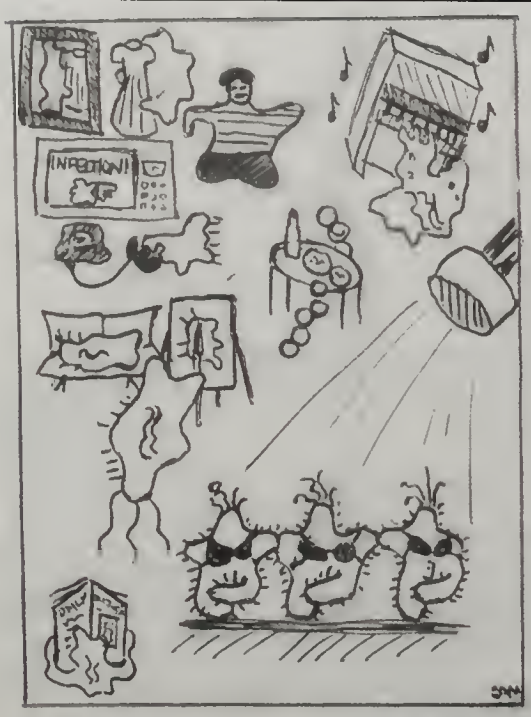
Dildo Coffee Talk

adam watson-hurthig
adamwwh@hotmail.com

Dear Jesus:

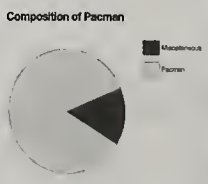
Thank you for dying and becoming famous. Now me and my rich white Christian friends get lots of cool toys every year!

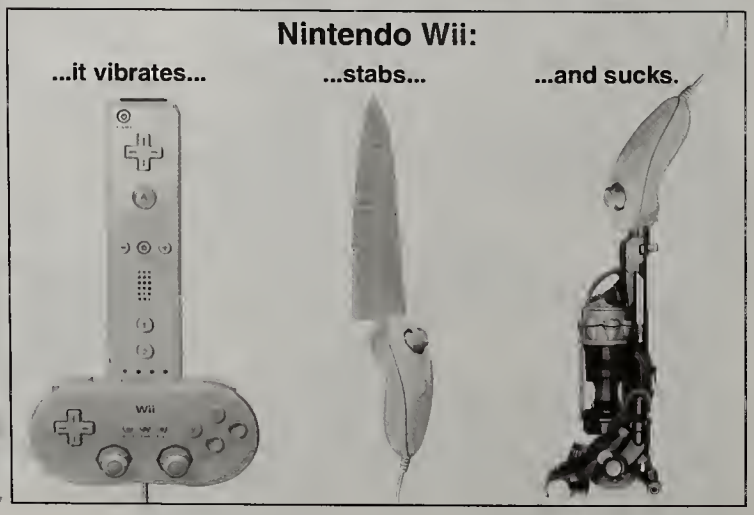
Love,
Little Billy



BACTERIAL CULTURE

-Owen Melville





Top Ten (+5 bonus)

Things to do on a Crowded Subway

15. Whisper to the next person, "I'm still horny"
14. Try to open the window
13. Play "I've never"
12. Ask an old woman if she's in heat
11. Put a hamster in your pants and let the good times roll
10. Pull out the Quran and kneel down
9. Ask the guy next to you if he's ready
8. Stare at your pants and ask "Are you happy now?"
7. Yell "OH SHIT! It's my turn to drive the subway!" and run
6. Connect the dots on other people's faces
5. Hold a bag of your own pubes and ask the next person if they've been good this year
4. Yell "This lice is driving me fucking crazy... but at least I'm not lonely anymore"
3. Pretend it's a speed date and at every stop, switch people
2. Sell drugs, because if you don't someone else will
1. Get your penis caught in the door

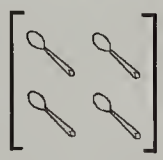
what's your toike-q?

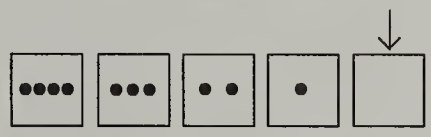
the "Official" Toike IQ Test

Tired of being called borderline deficient by tests that ask weird logical questions with funny names, make obscure references to American history, and require abstract thought? Just because one of those 'water-powered' head-bobbing birds entering the same answer over and over again can score above average on such soul-defining tests doesn't mean you can't!

The Toike Oike has prepared its own IQ test, statistically shown to be never more than 60% accurate, just so that you, too, can feel as smart as one of those perpetual motion bird.

1) If Joe is taller than Andy, Bob is shorter than Andy, and Bob is taller than Joe, which of the three is tallest?
2) What is the current capital of Zanzibar?
3) Positron is to electron as photon is to?
4) Germany is to WWII as Switzerland is to?
5) Human practice is to moral judgment as abortion is to?
6) How many spoons are there in the image to the right?
7) Fill in the blank tile in the pattern below.





Good luck! (Hint: The answer is 42.)

Note: Answers may be available in the next Taike, but likely not.

Toike Ingredients

Water, flour, sodium, natural flavour, eggs, cocoa, vanilla extract, fluoride, crushed almonds, unbleached sugar, sugar bleach, ammonium tetrachloride, riboflavin, magnesium, deoxyribonucleic acid, citric acid, cornmeal, dried fruit (mangoes, watermelon, celery, rhubarb) , food colouring, salt peter, beef tallow, gouda cheese, cayenne peppers, brown sugar, cinnamon, milk, month-old yogurt, boiled potatoes, tomatoes, tomato paste, ketchup, ketchup paste, pressed hot dog, grilled onions, charcoal, sodium chloride, Colgate, paprika, pepper corn, lettuce (iceberg and romaine), orange peels, yeast, amphetamines, chicken breast, mild, medium, and spicy salsa, granite, cigarette filters, lasagne, tomato sauce, bong water, recycled paper, precycled paper, trees, guano, eggplant, curry, ground beef, bacon bits, ammonia, the flu (bird and Spanish), common cold, Viagra, Lipitor, Zoloft, all dressed chips, duck gravy, goose down, estrogen , calcium, St. John's Wort, creatine, powerbars , potassium nitrate, liquid nitrogen, TNT, rubber, gum base, cream of mushroom, kerosene, sage, rosemary, thyme.

Warning: May Contain Trace Amounts of Peanuts

Mario Baker

Toike Intimidated Technician (TIT): Thank you for your time, Mr. Baker.
Mario Baker (MB): Not a problem. Please call me Mario.

TIT: Mario, I am surprised to find that you have a rather refined English accent; in stark contrast to your fractured English emails. Do the engineers know about this?
MB: Probably not, and if you tell them I'll have your legs broken.

TIT: Well unfortunately this interview is being printed live.
MB: That's your problem, not mine.

TIT: Back to business; you are widely held to be a non-existant individual. How does this affect your chances in the leadership race?
MB: Well for many years Liberal leadership has been non-existant. Thus I am the perfect candidate.

Sometimes, things aren't bigger when they're black

CLASSIFIEDS

MERCH FOR SALE

FACE CONGEE. Sticky and gooey, full of protein. Come on buddy, it's good for you! Rich, 555-2313.

METROPASS. It's fake yo'! They'll never catch you. Dan, 555-2000.

MULTIPASS. Gets you into multiple places... no anal. 555-0219.

$4000 WORTH OF COCAINE for only $3000!! It's a steal!

CHILDHOOD. The kids I'm keeping in my basement aren't using theirs. Egor, 555-7958.

LASER TONER CARTRIDGE. Keeps those abs toned and inky. Mmmmmm. 555-1049.

RUGMUNCHER. Eats up your carpet in no time. Amanda, 555-4853.

BEST BBQ PORK IN NORTH AMERICA. $4.00. ALL OF NORTH AMERICA!

YOUR MOM. Rated E for Everyone. Zing! Da Toike, 555-FUCKYOU.

MERCH WANTED

CHEESE GRATER. I've got a lot of ball cheese. Stefano, 555-2948.

WEB-FOOTED FRIEND. Must come bbq'd, with rice and vegetables. Norman, 555-2554.

SELTZER needed to go with my whores. Matt Parker, 555-6978.

PENGUIN. They're so cuuuuuuute! ~ LOL kthxbai ^^. 555-6485.

BODY MASSAGE MACHINE. I can't get laid, and this is the next best thing. Zaide, 555-9978.

SNATCH. I'm looking for something I can really grab a hold of. Owen, 555-6785.

HELP WANTED

CONSULTANT. Does this thong make my balls bulge too much? 555-7982.

COUNSELLORS needed for our fun, creative concentration camp. Together we can stop ADD from spreading its evil across Europe. 555-1414

LORD AND SAVIOUR. Must have titties. Bigger ones than last time. Dean, 555-1218.

ROBOT PIGEONS needed to defeat evil bread crumb army led by homeless zealots. Mayor Miller, 555-1349.

PAINTER. The current SAC door paint job is poisoning my work environment! Rick Telfer, 978-4911 x222.

DON'T MESS WITH TEXAS. It's not nice to pick on retards. Nacho, 555-2011.

BORED-AGAIN CHRISTIANS. Tired of praying to God/Jesus/FSM? Still have four more Toikes to write this year? Fuck. Christian, toike@skule.ca.

CLASSIFIED WRITERS. No fatties. 555-1295.

FELLATER needed to suck my dick. Must be comfortable with body hair. John McLeod, 593-5199.

STILL READING?

Go Fuck yourself!

Wanna place a classified?

Go fuck yourself!

Name: Kris Kringle

AKA: Santa Claus
Péré Nõel
Father Christmas
Saint Nicholas
Your Mom
(oh, snap!)

Age: Unknown

Status: At Large

Kriss Kringle, full name Kevin Kristopher Kringle, has been on the run from law officials for decades now. His criminal record began in his teenage years as petty theft and public intoxication. It later escalated into large scale robberies and indecent exposure, forcing K.K.Kringle into hiding for three years.

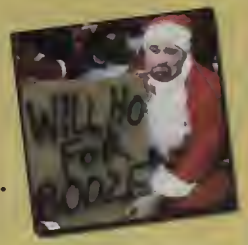
He came back in his mid-thirties as a con-artist who cheated couples out of thousands of dollars with phoney time-shares in the Arctic. He also started his own brand of sub-level hand creams that guaranteed to "bring home the shazam daily". When his company went under, Kringle avoided a near capture by authorities in Kansas after he was spotted streaking through a government building's hallway yelling "It rubs the lotion on its skin". After this his whereabouts became unknown.

His return wasn't until decades later as an old man when he re-entered society as a born-again christian, offering food and shelter up North to impoverished midgets.

It would appear however that he has returned to his crime-ridden ways after all these years. His skills as a highly successful con-artist may have fooled the general public, but we have compiled a list of his most recent crimes that he must be held accountable for.

September 22nd 2002: Kringle evaded arrest for indecent exposure after he took nude photos of himself and tossed them over a building's roof into a crowded city intersection. He then proceeded to flash bystamders until police arrived.

December 16th 2003: Mr. Claus was spotted on the streets after he was kicked out of the house on accounts of domestic abuse. Mrs. Claus has filed no charges and has chosend to remain silent.



August 16th 2005: PETA filed a formal complaint against Kris Kringle for his treatment of animals. He's being accused for his inhumane containment of both reindeers and impoverished midgets. As well he is being investigated for the utilization of genetic modification for personal use. Included in the investigation will be Rudolph's red nose, his reindeer's ability to fly, and his midget elves inability to age.

February 8th 2006:

Hundreds of compromising photos were discovered in a recent raid on one of Kringle's hideouts in Canada. Photos of Claus's philandering ways were stached throughout.

John, Dan, and Christian from department 4-A took the remaining photos home for "further analysis".